

H WAS the last employe in the office. He had Evening ---! minutes. screened window the warm

south wind wafted the uneasy chirping of "chippies" among the leaves, with the sweet odors of roses and newly-cut grass from lawns not far away. A bunch of pansies, bought early in the morning from the little old woman | moved away. who seemed part of the pavement by the first floor door, drooped on their tinfoil-covered stems near the inkstand.

Occasionally the rattling whir of the electric car and the mingled noise of not effectively following the directions many voices reached the worker's ear, of "Brownie," given amidst her own apparently giving an added impulse to chuckling laughter at his blundering. Jamesy there."-who might have been his quickly-moving right arm; for the busy scratching of the pen ceased not, called "Jamesy," had seated himself dence of consciousness he gave—"and an early June day's sinking sun.

The room grew cooler, darker. The rulers, pens, found their places. The worker rose quickly, closed and locked his desk, eager for approaching freedom. While putting on his coat and hat he heard—as he might have heard many times during the last thirty minutes - ringing tones of boyish laughter.

"At it again! I wonder what in the world they can find to laugh at!" he grumbled, as he started down the long hall to the stairway leading to the first floor.

first fellow out!" he further complained, passing the elevator and beginning a rapid run down the stairway through a cloud of dust raised by the vigorous janitor. As he reached the was looking at the bookkeeper queslower floor a sudden shower, so generally welcome in warm weather, came dashing down upon the still, dry aimlessly. street. "Plague take it!-stopped again!-no umbrella!-car gone!-just my everlasting luck!" he almost growled, bringing himself to a sharp plained the embryo Vanderbilt. halt at the foot of the stairs. This "We're pards, tho, 'n' help her." was, to him, a most uncomfortable "We jist air!" vouched the folder, -of course I'll miss my supper!" he darting off to make his late sales, folmuttered, stalking to the doorway, looking not unlike a prince of pettishness.

Another bounding burst of boyish his egoism in interested attention upon know it.

A merry group of muddy newsboys crowded close up to the stained-glass window of the editorial room, near the doorway where the little old woman had been seated in the morning. One, with mouth wide open, was trying to catch the streaming drip of terest. water from the high, projecting window cornice. Another, like a butting ram, was aiming to get his own hot, curly head under that steady, cooling

Our belated bookkeeper had made his exit from the wild domains of boyhood not many years ago. His face, clearing slowly, surely, showed he kept his bond of allegiance-youthfulness-still upon him.

Every boy seemed perfectly happy and full of joyous fun-never heeding the falling shower-laughing, joking, chatting, whistling, yet doing all with a degree of civility quite notice-

able. A minute's watching revealed the fact that the center of attraction was a little old woman-yes!-the little old pansy woman!

Clad in a brown calico dress, with a quaint bonnet, made of the same material, firmly tied under her chin, but pushed far back now on her disheveled hair, she sat on a box within the doorway leading into the editorial rooms. safely sheltered from the sudden shower. Her aged face, though smiling now, showed traces of beauty worn away by sharp storms of many sad summers and weary winters.

Each prancing, restless boy had something to tell her, something to show her, something to ask her. She had a word for each-of banter for one, of praise for another, of encouragement for another; a look, a nod, a smile-none were ignored, none passed by, while the hard and wrinkled hands deftly showed the "greenies of the gang" how to fold the papers so that hugged his knees close up to his body,

saw it not. He moved toward the next door almost unconsciously.

"Make room for the gentleman, boys," said the old woman, sliding with his younger brothers and sisters back on her box; "spect he's missed in his boyhood's happy home down on his car, 'n guess he don't like the water | the Clark county farm. like he used to," scanning him quiz-

The bookkeeper shook his head decidedly, gazing off down the street as feet, who was just then, to all intents if looking for another car.

An unmistakable small son of Erin, with his few remaining papers snugly tucked under his coat, joyously skipped across the pavement into the gutter, reveling in the luxury of running water and bare feet. Then he half skipped, half danced away down the was not above her, roused dormant street to the melody of his own merry whistling "My Sweetheart's the Man But it awakened no lament, no blame in the Moon," and the bookkeeper wished he could do that too!

He heard the old woman say: "This has been a good day for me, boys, see! I have just one paper and storm. Her voice was low and almost one bouquet left!"

"Bully for We, Us & Co.! That's why I go!" shouted one enterprising lad, as have done for me! Every stray lump he rushed across the street to cry his of coal they find they bring to me; merrily walking home through the they've even carried water for my pansummer shorter. Making a sale, he sies and onions in dry times. Oh, doffed his cap to his purchaser, waved they've all been very good to me!" it to the group at the doorway and ran on to intercept some new-comers anywhere?" asked the young man, mefurther down the street. He was in- chanically. stantly followed by others, scattering "Oh, yes! I have a brother in the in various directions, for these sons navy; he's a fine man, and has done of the street stop not long for wet some good coast survey work in his

"dubbed "Brownie." He observed that rowfully; "I'll try not to bother him two years.

leisurely up the street, one hand holdhis trousers pockets as he approached the -- building.

They seemed arguing. "Naw, now!" bet! Gee whiz! won't she be gay, tho! He'll get her last paper-say, if she ain't gone when we get back, let's buy died out from the face and eyes; the her bunch of pansies?"

"I'm yer man!" said the other; and with an almost demoniacal yell they bounded off, crying in shrill, childish

"Here's your Indianap'lis Evening -! Five cents for the Indianaplis there lost in retrospection.

been alone The portly, comfortable-looking man fully thirty had reached the doorway. The old resumed, "tho' I did make some money. woman held forward her neatly-folded But I got sick in Chicago; slowly my Through the paper, and her hand soon held the "nickel" in its stead.

"Rains aren't good for rheumatism, are they?" he remarked, smilingly, as he put the paper in his coat pocket. mighty good for pansies!" she replied; along with me, you see." but he saw not her pansies, as he

The listening bookkeeper was ap- could. parently deeply absorbed in matters of momentous import, while he watched good to me. They found me when I one of the two remaining boys awk wardly folding and refolding a paper,

even when deluged in the red light of on the floor a la Turk, and was lost in they took care of me through my hardcounting out his pennies and nickels est spell, keeping me in the hospital, and dimes, mentally footing up his acbig book closed with abang just as the counts, the bookkeeper thought, doing office light flashed on; letters, blotters, all with an air of satisfaction a Vanderbilt might envy. Now the old woman turns accountant for him and assists his none too agile mind in the calculation.

The awkward folder inadvertently bumped against the legs of the waiting man, and, in lieu of an apology, looked up patronizingly and inquired: "Say, boss, d'ye hear our new yell a while ago? She made it," said he, nodding sideways toward the box. "She's some, she is! You'll hear some rattlin' ringers fer the ball games an' "Yes! I'll bet the 'highster' was the Fourth!" and he shook out the now quite dirty paper, to try the folding process once more. The little old woman, as if divining

herself the object of some remark, tioningly.

"Are these your sons?" he asked, "Haw, now, come off!" gasped the folder of the paper; "nobody's sons!"

"We jist stay along 'ith her," ex-"I'll have to wait six minutes | exulting in a final correct crease, and

lowed by the smiles of the little old woman-veritably a senior partner! Another car glides by. The conductor looks interestedly at the booklaughter at that instant submerged keeper, but the bookkeeper doesn't With clear and shining countenance

the little woman looked up into the face of the young man, as she leaned restingly against the cruth at her side, saying, gently: "I have no sons here," so readily

responsive is the heart to human in-A little honest sympathy is myrrh

and spikenard for the soul to whom it has been long denied. The shower gained force. The gray



BAINS AIN'T GOOD FOR RHEUMATISM. ARE THEY?"

city a thorough cooling down. The bookkeeper moved further within the "Do you live far from here?" he asked.

"Pretty good ways," she said; "out in West Indianapolis." "We've got a bouncin' pansy patch

out there," remarked the remaining 'pard,' as, money all safely deposited in the deep pockets of his vest, he they would be least soiled in carrying. and, resting his chin thereon, gazed, A car passed by; but the bookkeeper empty-eyed, out into the heavy rain. "Are you all alone? Have you no folks?" her self-appointed mentor asked, thinking of his own mother,

"No, no; oh no! You see, I have my boys, 'specially Jamesy!" looking down upon the dreamer of dreams at her and purposes, far from the busy haunts

Her lips grew trembling, though her weak form was more erect, like a sickening flower reviving under a gentle rainfall. The sense of human fellowship from one among a class that once feelings long stilled by self-repression. of fate or the world, only the outbursting, in vocal expression, of a grateful heart, nurtured on cheerful hope and trusting faith, in sunshine and in

musical as she said: "I can never tell how much they all ears of some mechanics they find me chips and kindling wood;

"Have you no people of your own

weather or dry, bitter cold or sultry line. But he has his own to look for- champs, a famous master of dancing there's his sick wife; sickness eats and deportment. He was the instruc-Four boys were left by the little old your salary and your savin's mighty tor of Louis XIV., and gave that mon-

Fron County Register two were interestedly watching a well-with troubles of my own, the live had built, English-looking man coming amlenty. My hashand was engineer built, English-looking man coming a-plenty. My husband was engineer on the Pan-Handle eighteen years ago? form, the other searching the deeps of taken. Then Benny got pneumonia and died. Our savings-ther our little home-then our books and all our nice things went, and last of all, hardest of he heard one say, "we just stand from all, our baby boy died with scarlet under! He's hers—he's a reg'lar, you fever! Oh, that was an awful time for all, our baby boy died with scarlet

me-an awful time!" Every vestige of a smile had slowly little old woman was swaying sidewise, and holding her one small bunch of pansies far out into the rain, rebounding from the pavement almost to her side. She looked the embodiment of silent, solitary sorrow, as she sat

"It wasn't much better when I started out to be a book agent," she savings dwindled away - even my clothes were sold-and when health came back it found me penniless. I washed in a laundry till I got enough money to get down here, and it gave "Well, not so bad-not so bad; and me the rheumatiz'; that stays right She was faintly smiling now, and

the bookkeeper wondered how she "But the newsboys have always been was almost dead; they put me on to selling newspapers; they help me some way every day. My poor Joe's friends on the road heard of me through



POLLOWING JAMESY THROUGH THE OPEN GATEWAY.

doesn't come at our call. Everybody railroad does want it. He loved my stood full and heavy in her eyes.

The bookkeeper was getting a cold, surely; he wished he could sneeze, but as he couldn't he cleared his throat and coughed, and wished that car would hurry up.

"Yes, yes, I've had some hard knocks," she continued, as if talking to the slackening rain; "but I've nearly learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I think and more useful, and the fins with more frightened as the calls failed to But the bookkeeper heard, saw, his

"Here, I'll take these pansies," said

he, snatching them from her hand and throwing a nickel into her lap. "You Jamesy!" giving him an ad-monitory kick, short and light, "better move along now; it's clearing!" and he rushed out into the street. "I allers take her home, boss,"

called Jamesy, now alive to the change of affairs, "We're pards, you see." But the bookkeeper was climbing nto the scarcely stopping ear, and did not even look back.

"She's utterly alone and poor, yet ieve she got to quoting Scripture at me. Pshaw! I don't know what possessed me! anyhow, I have little cause and less sense to be blue. Wonder what the landlady'll say. Just look at that clock!" as the car whirled swiftly by the courthouse. He stopped his musing and whistled softly as he

pinned his pansies in his buttonhole. A gentle wind from the distant northern prairies wafted away the thin, light clouds, and the first faint little old woman with her crutch folhome to her and him.

at the side of the house. "Reat yer home!" cried the other

'pard." flinging wide the door. As the weary woman went to rest high up in the heavens, and murmured:

of slumber.

ou," remarked the landlady, as the

was! And it's perfectly clear now. Ah, thanks for your kindness," he said, cheerily, as the waiting girl brought him a steaming cup of tea and some well-kept steak.

"Lawsy! I wonder who guv 'im them pansies; he seems so mighty lifted up! thought the observant damsel.

The bookkeeper gave the pansies to thoughtful looking little school teacher at his boarding place-telling her the story of the "Motherly Pard." and she put them in her Bible that night, at the fourth chapter of Philippians, eleventh verse.-N. Y. Independent.

-The Royal academy of dancing at Paris was founded in 1662 by BeauTHE EVOLUTION OF FISHES. and the men were dragging their new

Reefs in Tropical Waters. It has been known for some years fi hes. flounders and "rock cod." for parlor car was a German-American. examples those species which inhabit He was a man past middle age, with northern traters have more vertebrae blue eves, a rather florid complexion. than those a ving in the tropics. Cer- and a long, carefully-trimmed brown tain arctic flouriders, for example, have beard. He was accompanied by his not exist. It becomes necessary, then, to find out what the facts are in this regard. Going through the various groups of non-migratory marine fishes we find that such relations are common. In almost every group You. I should judge from the presence smaller as we approach the equator, and grows larger again as would be tedious to try to prove this ever took in my life. I belong to Milby statistical tables, but the value of wankee. I went to Milwaukee twenty generalization in science depends on years ago, when it was a little town, taking an average netful of fishes of friends live there. I made a little comdifferent kinds at different places along petency there, and I dislike very much the coast, the variation would be evident. At Point Barrow or Cape Fare- doctor has told me that I must go well or North cape a seineful of fishes abroad, and as it is uncertain when I would perhaps average eighty vertebrae apiece, the body lengthened to make room for them; at Sitka or St. Johns or Bergen, perhaps, sixty vertebrae; at San Francisco or New York or St. Malo, thirty-five; at Mazatian or Pensacola or Naples, twenty-eight, and at Panama or Havana or Sierra Leone, twenty-five. Under the equator the usual number of vertebrae in shore fishes is twenty-four. Outside the ease, and my physician tells me that I tropics this number is the exception | may die at any moment. There is a North of Cape Cod it is virtually un- fatty degeneration of the heart, or tail of the shark. He held on for some known.

salt water fishes of the same group. turn." Dee, sea fishes have more vertebrae fishes and free-swimming fishes have more than those which live along the says he'll be slow to sell it even if the must, therefore, be sought in condi- whisper: husband-but then everybody loved the retention of the primitive large my Joe, he was"-her voice trembled, number is in any case a phase of deerally the higher rank. When vertebrae are few in number, as a rule each | Perhaps he had died in his sleep. one is larger. Its structure is more complicated, its appendages are larger oped. In other words, the tropical fish is more intensely and compactly a fish, cigar had been too heavy, or his dinner especially for that of a fish that stays | did not sit well. He felt nervous, and at home. In my view, the reduction unpleasant fancies would not leave him. in number and increase of im- He was almost certain that the German portance of the individual verte- was dead. The thought of the little brae are simply part of this work of boy in the berth alone with the corpse making a better fish. Not a better of his father made him shiver. He fish for man's purpose-for Nature does | didn't know what to do. He didn't not care a straw for man's purposebut a better fish for the purposes of a fish. The competition in the struggle it was only humane to make an infor existence is the essential cause of the change. In the center of competition | in the porter's room, but that worthy no species can afford to be handicapped by a weak backbone and a redundant vertebrae. Those who are thus weightnappier than I," he mused. "I do be- ed down can not hold their own. They must change or perish.

The influence of cold, darkness, monotony and isolation is to limit the struggle for existence, and therefore to prevent its changes, persevering through the conservation of heredity the more remote ancestral conditions, even though they carry with them disadvantages and deficiencies. The con- on his back, breathing gently, with ditions most favorable to fish life are his mouth slightly open. The Chicaamong the rocks and reefs of the trop- goan returned to his berth and went ical seas. About the coral reefs is the to sleep. He said nothing to the Gercenter of fish competition. A coral stars of evening looked down upon the archipelago is the Paris of fishes. In friends afterward that the suspense such regions is the greatest variety of and fears of that night had spoiled his lowing Jamesy through the open gate- surroundings, and therefore the greatway of the miserable place that was est number of possible adjustments. The struggle is between fish and fish, "The pansies have had a big drink." not between fishes and hard conditions cried Jamesy, from the little garden of life. No form is excluded from the competition. Cold, darkness and foul water do not shut out competitors, nor does any evil influence sap the strength. The heat of the tropics does not make that night she little knew how far the the water hot. It is never sultry nor candle of her life had thrown its laden with malaria. The influence of beams upon a naughty world. Lying | tropical heat on land animals is often on her hard mattress, she watched the to destroy vitality and check self-activimoon through her shutter-slats, riding ty. It is not so in the sea. From conditions otherwise favorable in arctic regions the majority of competitors are ex-"I know that was a good young man cluded by their inability to bear the this evening—a good young man. Our | cold. River life is life in isolation. To Benny might have been just like him aquatic animals river life has the same -just like him." Her eyes held them- limitations that inland life has to the selves closed, and she was soon with animals of the land. The oceanic her own loved ones in the elysian fields | islands are behind the continents in the process of evolution. In like manner the rivers are ages behind the seas. "Why, the storm must have caught | Therefore the influences which serve as a whole to intensify fish life, and bookkeeper seated himself at his tend to rid the fish of every character usual place, smiling over the almost or structure it can not "be in its busiempty dishes and the nearly vacated ness," are most effective along the shores of the tropics. One phase of Yes; but what a refreshing storm it this is the reduction in numbers of vertebræ, or, more accurately, the increase of stress on each individual bone. -Prof. D. S. Jordan, in Popular Science Monthly.

A RAILWAY EXPERIENCE. The Tale of an Unfortunate German Spoils

a Fellow-Traveler's Trip. The train had just rolled out of Chicago, and the passengers in the parlor hours.—Boston Herald. cars were getting acquainted with each other. ' East of Buffalo parlor car trav-

On this train this lack of stiffness was be could for her, and for a time was unusually pronounced, so the men all really her manager. sought the smoker and talked about the strike, and the women, left to themselves, exchanged papers and mag-azines and petted the babies. Within the understanding can no more be de-Four boys were left by the fittle old fast," shaking her head slowly, sor- arch a lesson every day for twenty an hour the strangers had been trans- lighted with a lie than the will can formed into a very jolly family party, choose an apparent evil. - Dryden.

de ac unintances before their wives ing sister, and introducing them with

as much heartiness as though they had been bosom con panions from childhood. that in several groups of I bes wrasse Among the passengers in the first these two became quite confidential. "Yes, I am a Chicagoan," said the away. brown-bearded man, "and a manufac-

turer of fancy goods. I am going to New York on a little business trip. The German sighed deeply. "I regret to say you are mistaken."

to leave it. But I must go away. My will be able to return I am taking my family with me."

"That is too bad," said the Chicaall; in fact, I should pick you out as a man of remarkably good health."

"Yes, yes, I get no sympathy," said the German. My appearance belies the be dead next minute. I have heart dis | that position for some time. something of that sort, I do not know The next question which arises is just what he calls it. Anyhow, he too lively for him, and again whether we can find other conditions told me I must go to Baden, and that he was sent flying many feet into that may affect these numbers. These is my only hope. I am constantly in the water. The battle had been going readily appear. Fresh water fishes fear that I will not live to get there. on for some time when Capt. McNeil have in general more vertebrae than Anyhow, I feel sure I never will re- saw that the dog was getting the worst

The Chicagoan moved a little unthan fishes of shallow waters. Pelagic easily in his chair, and as soon as op- while he was on the way, and it is deportunity offered to break off the conversation he retired to the smoker, shores, and more than localized or non- where he breathed a sign of relief and migratory forms. The extinct fishes of attempted to divert his thoughts from earlier geological periods had more the unfortunate German by smoking a lands Prince again. Prince feints and vertebrae than the corresponding mod- cigar. He kept away from the Ger- the shark's tail fans the wind. Prince ern forms which are considered as their man during the evening, and had aldescendants. To each of these gener- most forgotten about him when and when they break loose Prince is im alizations there are occassional partial bedtime arrived. After he had got the air. Several lively passes follow, exceptions, but not such as to invali- into his berth, however, the recollecdate the rule. All these effects should tion of the German's presentiment oc- Prince makes several tours in the air. be referable to the same group of curred to him and interfered with his The round ended with both combatcauses. They may, in fact, be com- going to sleep. He tossed about for bined in one statement. All other some time rather nervously, but had fishes have a larger number of verte- begun to doze gently when he was sudwas good to me, and when I got well brae than the marine fishes of the denly aroused by the voice of a child. Engineer Tom Jones said I could live tropics. The cause of the reduc- He sat up in his berth and heard the The water was stained with blood from in his place close to the west Y, and he tion in the number of vertebrae child's voice saying in a low, frightened the effects of the struggle .- N. Y. Sun.

"Papa! papa!" It immediately occurred to him that the German had retired with his little stopped, the light came and went and generation, the cause of such degener- boy in the same berth. He listened incame again into her face, while tears ation must be sought in the colder seas, tently and again heard the child call in the river and in oceanic abysses. his father. There was no response and What have these waters in common no other sound in the car save the roar that the coral reefs, rocky islands and of the wheels and the occasional creaktide pools of the tropics have not? In ing of windows as the train turned this connection we are to remember around curves. The idea immediately that the fewer vertebrae indicates gen- struck the Chicagoan that possibly the German's presentiment had come true.

The boy continued to call to his father, the voice becoming louder and was very much alarmed. Possibly the want to arouse the other inmates of the car, and at the same time he felt that vestigation. He rang the electric bell was probably asleep, for there was no response. After repeated efforts to get him the Chicagoan thrust his head out between the curtains and tried to look into the berth occupied by the German. All he could see was a tiny hand thrust out between the curtains of the berth. The child was no longer calling, but was sobbing in a low, frightand, tiptoeing over to the berth, pulled the curtains aside. The German lay man the next day, but he told histrip. He never found out whether the German reached his destination safely

or not.-N. Y. Sun. THE MOTORMAN'S BOOT.

It Is a Source of Additional Income to the

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," quoth the shoemaker, as he tacked a sole on the motorman's right

"Why so?" asked his nonagenarian visitor, who established his loafing neadquarters in the shoemaker's shop. "Well," said the repairer of heels and soles, "the electric cars have made-business for me, though they have made the horse dealers wince, 'tis said. You see, there is now a gong on the cars under the motorman's right foot, and in order to strike it the motormse must hit an iron attachment with the sole of his right boot. As the constant dripping of water wears away the stone, so the constant hammering of the gong causes the sole of the motorman's right boot to wear out. I do about twice the amount of repairing business for car men that I did in the old horse railroad days. repair two right soles for every left sole. In making a pair of shoes for a motorman I put twice as good stock in his right boot as I do in his left, and still nine times in ten the right boot is

the first to wear out." "Ah, the world is getting queerer every day," said the nonagenarian, and he lighted his T. D. to see the smoke

-Mile. Subligny, a noted danseuse, elers are stiff and formal and rarely desiring to visit England professionmake acquaintances, but west of that ally, took a letter from Abbe Dubois to point formality is practically unknown. John Locke. The philosopher did all

-Truth is the object of our under-

DOG AND SHARK.

Battle Had to Be Ended

etween a shark and a dog A fight b. very unusual. Such a is something lace recently on a sand contest took p. lace recently on a sand bar near the Bri. lgeport light, off Seaside park, Bridg. sport, Conn. Capt. McNeil, the keeper of the light, has a large Newfoundland og named Prince. tain arctic flouriders, for example, have sixty vertebrae; tropical flounders have, on the average, thirty. The significance of this fact is the problem at issue. In science it is assumed that all facts have significance, else they would not exist. It becomes necessary, then, tide on the sand bar a short dis tance

Prince started for the spot. The jest proved to be a shark left by the outgoing tide in the cove, with only a foot of water in which to the number of vertebrae grows of your family, are bent on pleasure.', flourider. Prince swam to the place where the imprisoned stiards was, and proceeded to help himself we pass into southern latitudes. It said he. "This trip is the saddest I to the biggest dinner of sea food he had had in some time. From the way he tackled the shark it was evidently his intention to shake the life out of him; such evidence. Suffice it to say that and I have grown up with it. All my but six feet of shark was too much for Prince. The shark was angry, and showed it by flinging Prince about twenty feet. The dog renewed the attack, this time in the rear. He fastened his teeth in the tail of the shark and dragged the fish about thirty feet before letting go. This was Prince's favorite mode of attack after that, but goan, "but you really don't look ill at the next time he tried it it proved very disastrous for him. The shark waited until Prince was near enough and then made a hit. It was no foul tip, but that sent the dog many feet and facts. I don't feel ill now, but I might | doubled him up so that he stayed in

Prince renewed the attack, and again succeeded in getting his teeth in the time; but at last the tail proved of it, and armed with an ax he rowed to the scene. One round was fought. scribed by the captain as follows:

"A swing of the tail and Prince pickshimself up several feet away. Prince rushes. An upper cut by the shark clinches his teeth in the shark's tail, in which the fish loses much skin and ants bleeding and badly winded."

As soon as Capt. McNeil reached the shark he dispatched the shark with the ax. The shark was nearly six feet long.

She Was Willing to Feed Her Face with

From what I've said thus far you might be excused for supposing that it. is almost altogether a foreign crowd one sees in the Battery park on band mad all over. "Confine yourself tonight. I have not mentioned the distinctively American girl, simply because I have no confidence in my ability to do her justice. Her prettiness is sometimes almost amazing. The low collars some of them wear on their light summer waists expose throatswhich are a revelation in that respect to one who has been more accustomed some day He'll make all things seem which it is connected are better devel-elicit any response. The Chicagoan to study the lines of throats exposed above much richer, but much lower cut, waists. Herhead is small-I am speaking of slighter than those of the foreign girls. for Defense; Not a Penny for Tribute," of her age, but more graceful in lineand action; her hair is abundant and in the present century. One of the blonde; her features are small, except principal incidents that led to the her eyes, which are apt to be large and adoption of this legend—which seems her eyes, which are apt to be large and expressive of a degree of self-confidence really surprising. She may wear a ninety-eight-cent skirt, a thirty-eightdom accompany a costume costing as

many dollars. a girl of this type passed who had such an exquisitely beautiful throat that I fear I actually started, for something attracted her attention to me. She paused, eyed me ened voice. The Chicagoan got up, with the serenity of a goddess, her beautiful lips parted in a smile, showing two perfect rows of white teeth, and then she addressed to me these mystic words: "Ah, there, papa! Don't get 'comic."

She passed on until she saw a young man she knew who was eating icecream, and she said to him: "Hello, Danny, feeding your face by your lonely these nights?"

The young man grinned and replied: "Not on your life, Mame. Won't you: "Why, sure," responded my goddess. -N. Y. Sun.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

Why the Suspected Horse Thief Was No

They didn't know for sure that the man they had had stolen the horse. but they were getting so near it that they had a rope around his neek and were heading for the nearest telegraph pole. When they reached it they asked the culprit if he had anything to

"Gents," he replied, lifting his eyes to Heaven, "L say I didn't steal that "Wow," shouted the crowd, in disap-

proval of these sentiments. "I tell you again I didn't steal him?" "Come off; why didn't you steal him?" asked the spokesman sareastically. "The hoss is gone and there ain't no-

body else to do it." "I'll tell you why," exclaimed the prisoner, bracing up; "some other feller had him afore I got to the stable. The crowd made a rusk, and it looked as if it were all up with the prisoner, but the spokesman got the floor. "Boys," he yelled, "hold on. When

as that is we're bound to respect it. health. He who possesses these need Let's keep him and run him for office." not pine for the accumulation of money. The crowd wouldn't have that, how- He has what will afford him more pleasever, but they gave him an hour to get | ure than any amount of property, and away in, and a big drink, and told him to hustle for the east where there was less truth than horse-stealing. - Detroit

Free Press. A Critical Cow. Fair Maiden-How savagely that

cow looks at me! Farmer Hayseed-It's your red para-

ol.mum. "Dear me! I knew it was a little bit out of fashion, but I didn't suppose country cow would notice it. - Pearson's PITH AND POINT.

-Tommy-"Which is right, stuffin' or dressin'?" Jimmy-"It's dressin' when it's on yur plate, and stuffin

after you have swallowed it." -The difference between "meddling" and "investigation" is that you always investigate, while it is the other person who meddles.-Fourth Estate.

-Mrs. Householder-"The iceman didn't call this morning." Cook—"Yes, ma'am, he did. There is a puddle on the door-steps."-Leavenworth Times. -She-"When I was in school I thought pickles and caramels made a good lunch." Mr. Slimcoin—"Wouldn't it be fun to try it again?"-Inter-Ocean.

-"Is there an authors' club in this town?" asked the young man. "There is," replied the editor. "Bill, hand me that oak sapling."—Atlanta Constitu-.- Clars-"Fannie must have an excelle'nt education in French." May-

Why?" Clara-"She reads the American ho,'el bills of fare so fluently."-Peck's San. -- Mrs. Hicks-"Are you sure that you married me for mysel, alone? Hicks
-"Of course. Having your mother to

live with us was not strictly an idea of mine."-Harlem Life: -Mrs. Fogg-"Of course not! What a fool you are, David!" Mr. Fogg-"And yet hardly a day passess that

you do not give me a piece of your mind!"—Boston Transcript. -Haughty Lady (who has just purchased a stamp) - Must I put it on my self?" Post-Office Assistant (very politely "Not necessarily, ma'am; it will probably accomplists more if you put it

on the letter."-Newwir Ledger. -Tailer-"Surely you don't mean to say that you want this coat made with a padding between the shoulders Customer-"Hush! I'm a member of the Cycling cluband a candidate for its presidency."-Journal Amusant.

-Testing Her. -Guffy-I thought you said you could tell the past, present and future?" Fortune Teller-"So I. ean." Guffy-"You must have known. then, that I wouldn't pay anything for: your humbug. Good-by!"-Wruth.

-Carleton-"Did you hear that Giddiboy and his wife had frequent quarrels since their marriage?" Montauk-"I don't believe it; they live im one of those measly flats where there is not even room for an argument."-Brooklyn Eagle.

-A Chelsea man sent fifty cents to New York to get some advertised directions telling "How to Avoid Sunstroke." When the directions came, they read: "Never go out of doors in the summer time excepting after dark."

Somerville Journal. -Flossie-"I'm afraid to go thesleep sill alone in the dark." Mamma-"You go right to bed like a good little girl, and remember that God's little angels are with you." Flossie (ten minutes gness one of God's little angels is bit-

ing me:"—The King's Jester. -Handling Facts.-The lady witness had become quite picturesque in her testimony and the attorney had called her down in a way that had made her facts, if you please, madam," he said in: conclusion. "Very well," she replied tartly, "you are no gentleman. How does that strike you?"-Detroit Free

TRIBUTE TO ROBBERS.

Curious Bit of History Showing the Begits-Collectors of old coins and peop who are over three-score years old may remember the old United States onea type-and well carried; her figure cent piece bearing the motto: "Millions which was extensively circulated early

singularly out of place on an American coin, especially just after the United States had achieved its independence cent waist, a forty-nine-cent straw hat of Great Britain-occurred one hundred and a six-cent tie, but she wears them and nine years ago, when the with a jauntiness and dash which sel- United States merchant-ship Dauphin. of Philadelphia, was seized near the straits of Gibraltar by a warship of As I stood near the refreshment stand | Algiers, and her crew and passengers were thrown into Mussulman bondage to await an exorbitant ransom. About the same time the American trading vessels Maria, of Boston, and Minerva, of New York, also were seized in the Mediterranean, and their people met a. similar fate, making a total of 119 American citizens in danger of being sold into the slave marts of the east. At that time the United States was without a single ship of war or naval officers or navy yards. The cause of this unprotected condition of the country was the strong opposition to a per-manent navy as well as to a standing army, and congress resorted to the plan of paying an annual tribute to the semi-barbarous powers of North Africa, so there would be no further molestation of our commence in the Mediterraneau. Twentytwo of the prisoners were ransomed by the government for about sixty thousand dollars, while the others died in captivity or were ransomed by their friends. In a short time the annual tribute from the United States amounted to over one million dollars, when the "economists" in congress realized that the tribute was far execeding the cost of maintaining a navy. Then the cry "Millions for Defense; Not a Penny for Tribute" was raised

> peake.-N. Y. Tribune. The Real Wealth of hife.

and did not a little toward securing

the appropriation for the first group of

war vessels that made the United

States navy famous. These were the

Constitution, United States, President,

Constellation, Congress and Chesa-

Wealth without health is powerty. It, is a surprise that people do not have sense enough to know that money expended in fashionable and allowable dissipation is worse than wasted; and that wealth won at the expense of health is the most disappointing attainment that is possible. The real wealth we come acrost a slug of truth as plain of life is in spiritual and physical he has what no amount of money can buy. There are but few to whom good health is not attainable, though it may be irretrievable if wantonly thrown away. The price of it is temperance in all things, industry and cleanliness of body and of mind.—Chicago Interior.

Rather Loud.

Miss Boston-What was the hue of the dress to which you objected?

Mr. Gadabout—I would describe it as a sort of hue and cry.-Puck.